

+

W
11651 m. 88.



E U G E N I O.

P O E M.



Post Office, London

NOV 18 1853



POST OFFICE

By Thomas Beach

[Beard, Thomas]

1/3/18

Price 49/275

E U G E N I O:

O R,

VIRTUOUS and HAPPY LIFE.

A P O E M.

Inscrib'd to Mr. POPE.

—*Quicquid dignum Sapiente bonoque est.* HOR.

L O N D O N:

Printed for R. DODSLEY, in Pall-mall.

M. DCC. XXXVII. [Price One Shilling.]

EUGENE

OR

VIRTUOUS and HAPPY LIFE

A POEM



INSCRIBED TO MR. POPE

LONDON:

Printed for R. DODD, in Pall-mall.

At the Sign of the Sun, [Price One Shilling]



E U G E N I O:

O R,

V I R T U O U S *and* H A P P Y L I F E.



E venerable Sages of the Schools,
Deep read in Ethic, and in Gospel Rules;
Who treat of LIFE, in strong pathetic Page,
Thro' all the Scenes of Infancy and Age,
Of you I'd learn, best qualify'd to teach;
For Poets want Authority to preach.

But chiefly thou, O POPE, befriend my Lays,
No fancy'd Fame can bless me like thy Praise:

Believe

Believe for once, the Muse from Flattery free,
Who pants for Virtue, and wou'd copy thee.

SAY what is LIFE, of which we all complain,
Yet fondly court, and struggle to maintain?
To Day, sedate, what Images we frame!
A Flower! a Span! a Shadow! or a Dream!
A weary Pilgrimage! a Load of Cares!
A Howling Desert! or a Vale of Tears!
Anon—as flatt'ring Fancy acts her Part,
Or Wine, or Beauty elevates the Heart,
Gay Hopes, and warm Desires allay the Fright,
And the next Ball, or Op'ra, sets us right.
Lies it in *Life*? Or lies it not in *Man*,
That thus we change the Mirror and the Plan?
Pursue new Purposes, as Notions change,
And thro' successive Scenes of Folly range?

How to compose this Tumult in the Breast,
And give the anxious Mind Relief and Rest;

To



To yield to Reason her Imperial Rule,
 Controul our Passions, and depose the Fool;
 To mend the Life, and purify the Heart,
 Is what Religion only can impart.

For this was *Life* bestow'd—to breathe and eat,
 And give the Blood its Impetus and Heat?
 To quaff the *Gallic*, and the *Tuscan* Vine,
 To dress in Taste, and at Assemblies shine?
 From Fair to Fair, incontinent, to rove,
 And feast and riot on forbidden Love?

Can the poor Plea, which mad Ambition brings,
 Titles of Honour, or the Smiles of Kings,
 When duly weigh'd—the Pleasure and the Pain,
 Challenge one Point of Life's diminish'd Span?

Can Avarice—that Viper in the Breast!
 Curst, meagre, pale, inhospitable Guest!

Can

Can she—perpetual Source of Fraud and Strife,
Make good her Title to the human Life?

Does FLORIO live? whose Reason still subsides,
While Sense and Pleasure are his airy Guides:
No Interval of Thought his Mind employs,
Lost in the Circle of returning Joys:
He wastes while Youth and Fortune lend Supplies,
And only Death, or Age can make him wise.

Riper in Years aspiring JULIO's Soul
Forgets bright *Hebe*, and the sparkling Bowl.
His softer Passions all are at a Stand;
He must have Houses, Gardens, Park, and Land;
Pictures, and Statues, Furniture, and Plate;
He has 'em—but he wants a Title yet.

A Coronet he cries, indulgent Heaven!
Grant him but this, who all the rest has given!
Yet what avails his ardent Wish obtain'd,
His Spouse transported, and his Title gain'd,
Inward he pines; ACASIO's ampler Name
Contracts his Honours, and obscures his Fame.

Behold

Behold HYEMIO! And the Life he leads
 With Cash, and Mortgages, and Bonds and Deeds.
 See the starv'd Miser languish o'er his *Plumb!*
 A Poor, deficient, un-availing Sum!
 See Want and Ruin stare him in the Face!
 Tho' Rich as *India*, and without a Race.
 Nor Locks, nor Massy Bars can guard his Chest,
 But Thieves in Vision interrupt his Rest.
 No Widow's Cries, No helpless Orphan's Tears,
 Can melt his Heart, or penetrate his Ears:
 Let but the Stocks propitious rise and fall,
 Church, State, and Fleets, and Armies perish all!

Muse, view the *Contraste* to these wretched *Things*,
 The Man who pities, and looks down on Kings!
 Whose younger Life no fond Excesses stain'd;
 Whose riper Years maturer Wisdom gain'd:
 Whose closing Scene, exalted, and refin'd,
 Speaks him the Best, and Greatest of his Kind.

See in EUGENIO all the wond'rous Man
 Whose Life was form'd, and rose on Virtue's Plan.

Conscious of Breath deriv'd—of Thought confin'd ;
 Of self-existent, and all-perfect Mind ;
 Of God supreme, in whom he *lives*, and *moves*,
 He fears, contemplates, he adores, and loves! A

Eternal Truth, and Reason's Sacred Law
 He seeks with Pleasure, and obeys with Awe.
 What Nature speaks, or *better Lights* impart,
 Command his Homage, and engage his Heart.
 Too wise to chuse a superstitious Guide ;
 Too humble for the Deist's haughty Pride!

Myſterious Points of Providence and Grace,
 Which check the Pride of Man's aspiring Race ;
 Plac'd far remote, in Worlds of clearer Light,
 Beyond his Reach, nor proper for his Sight,
 EUGENIO leaves to more presumptuous Eyes,
 Nor “ *quits his Sphere to ruſh into the Skies.* ”

To Heav'ns Vicegerents, and the Sons of Pow'r,
 Thoſe Gods on Earth—yet Creatures of an Hour

He

He humbly bows, nor blows seditious Flames,
 But yields that Homage, which Protection claims.
 Active, and Bold, and Loyal to the Crown,
 When Hosts invade, or Traytors sap the Throne;
 Yet all the *Patriot* in his Bosom glows,
 If Justice warps, or Pow'r destructive grows.

The World's great Stage he views with wond'ring
 Knows he was born to act his Part and die. [Eye,
 To live again, and spring from seeming Earth,
 When Nature labours to her second Birth:
 To mourn with Fools, or triumph with the Wife,
 To sink in Darkness, or in Glory rise.

Nor blames the Order, nor disputes the Art,
 Nor fondly wishes to exchange his Part,
 Or rapt with Pleasure, or distressed with Woes,
 'Tis what the Author of the Drama chose;
 Whose perfect Love, and Wisdom shall display
 The high-wrought Scene in pure unclouded Day!

This solemn Truth awakens all his Soul,
 And arms his Will his Passions to controul.

Strips

Like

Strips sensual Objects of the Dress they wear,
 And shows 'em artless, primitive and bare ;
 As Nature's Face throws off the Vail of Night,
 When Day's bright Orb pours in the Rays of Light.
 No more triumphal Arches, Pomp and State
 Proclaim the Hero, and bespeak the Great :
 With him, who thus reflects, who thus believes,
Great Ammon's Son, and *Cæsar* are but Thieves.

That equitable Law, with Blessings fraught,
 By *Wisdom* first conceiv'd—by *Wisdom* taught ;
 To measure all our Deeds to other Men,
 By what we ask, and hope from them agen
 Still warms EUGENIO with a virtuous Strife,
 And is the ruling Precept of his Life.
 Hence sacred Truth, and equal Justice flow,
 Hence soft Compassion for the Wretches Woe.
 Hence the kind Parent, and the tender Spouse,
 Faithful, and conscious of his Nuptial Vows.
 Hence the true Friend, in ev'ry pressing Want ;
 To help, or mourn ; to counsel, or to grant.

Honour—that great, abus'd ambiguous Word !
Lothario wears as careless as his Sword ;

Like

Like that too, for Convenience, lays it by,
 When Duns grow rude, or Maids for Justice cry.
 'Tis like his Snuff-box, Gold to vulgar Sight,
 Yet arrant *Pinchbeck*, counterfeit, and light :
 EUGENIO scorns such prostituted Fame,
 And knows the *Thing*—his HONOUR but the *Name*.

Tender to Others, to Himself severe ;
 Tho' frank, discreet ; obliging, yet sincere :
 Afraid to Judge, to Censure, or Offend,
 And always pities where he can't commend.

If there exists on Earth a Wretch so low,
 The Man who is—and dares be thought his Foe ;
 Whose callous Heart can no Impressions feel,
 Like harden'd Wax impallive to the Seal ;
 Whom inbred Rancour urges to Requite
 The Charms of Goodness with the Darts of Spite ;
 EUGENIO has his Punishment in Store,
 And by Forgiveness cancels all the Score :
 See Guilt convict, and Shame o'er-spread his Face ;
 See the calm Hero, with triumphant Grace,

Forgets th' Ingrate, if Want and Anguish plead,
And thinks of Nothing, but the Man in need.

If large Increase kind Heaven abundant pours,
And joins new Honours to his swelling Stores;
Grateful, to Heav'n he lifts his pious Voice,
Whose Wisdom governs, and directs his Choice:
No flutt'ring Transports struggle in his Breast,
No Airs insulting to the Man un-blest
With the same Grace and Ease he acts his Part,
The same his Looks, his Language, and his Heart.

Not doubly blest to serve himself alone,
He lives a faithful Steward to his own;
Freely distributes what is freely given,
And proud to act as Almoner to Heaven,
Scatters his genial Blessings all a-round,
Like Soil that covers, and improves the Ground.
He aids the Progress of *All-saving Light*
To Nations wrapt in Ignorance and Night:
Conveys fair Knowledge down to future Times,
And bears her Charges to remotest Climes.

Or

Or if, to give his Virtues full Display,
 Clouds intervene, and darken all the Day;
 If Heav'n permits, for kind and righteous Ends,
 Defection of his Fortune, Fame, or Friends;
 How little the quick-shifting Scenes displease!
 He rose with Temper, and he sinks with Ease;
 Like Gold refin'd by Fire the brighter glows,
 Superior to himself and to his Woes!
 So the sweet Lark, with elevating Wings,
 Chearful, when Nature smiles, ascends and sings:
 But if the Skies spread Terror and Affright,
 Untune her Music, and prevent her Flight;
 Secure on well-try'd Pinions she descends,
 Enjoys the Ground, and chirps among her Friends.

To raise aspiring Virtue to her Height,
 To ease her Wings, and animate her Flight,
 Calm Temp'rance waits, with friendly Helps supply'd,
 Her better Half, her Guardian, and her Guide.
 With genial Cups she lifts the drooping Soul,
 But marks the Poison in the flowing Bowl.

Chearful,

Chearful, refunds our Nature's wise Expence,
 Yet hurts not Reason to oblige the Sense.
 No rising Clouds involve her awful Throne,
 No Rebel Passions her just Power disown.
 Hence the warm Streams of Life maintain their Course,
 And hence each Fibre its elastic Force;
 Hence rosy Health smiles in EUGENIO's Face,
 And his Eyes sparkle with a lively Grace:
 Hence his Ethereal Mind surmounts the Fogs,
 Nor, wallowing, sinks with *Epicurus*' Hogs.

Un-curst with wanton, speculative Pride,
 Which tow'rs aloft, and roams without a Guide,
 Far as his proper Sphere he wisely soars,
 And Nature's Works, and Nature's God explores.
 Nor lur'd by apish Science longs to stray
 Thro' kindred Stars to distant Fonts of Day:
 Nor, blind and weak, pervades the vast Immense,
 Or grows Omniscient by the Want of Sense.

'Tis more than own'd the Notions may be true,
 Which call un-number'd Systems into view.

Divine

Divine Fecundity, and boundless Grace
 Can people Worlds to fill unbounded Space;
 Nor dare we think yon' countless Orbs of Night
 Shine for us only, with reflected Light.
 Hence endless Themes of Adoration flow!
 Nor more than this avails Mankind to know,
 But Pride aspires to reach the high Abodes!
 “ *Men would be Angels; Angels would be Gods!*
 Fondly we range thro' wide Ethereal Hosts,
 Desert our Leader, and betray our Posts:
 Hence the pain'd Sense and Agony of Thought;
 Sad Fruits of Ignorance, too dearly bought!

In proper Limits Wisdom has confin'd
 The All of Knowledge needful to Mankind:
 Instinctive Sense, our Nature's kind Alarm,
 Religion's Lore, or Moral Science' Charm;
 Earth, Water, Fire, and Homo-geneal Air,
 Alternate Magazines of Peace, or War;
 Obsequious Ministers to Death or Life,
 That save, or kill by Elemental Strife;
 Grand Seminaries, rich in wond'rous Arts,
 Of Powers explicit—but mysterious Parts:

Exhaustless Funds of scientific Brains;
 Knowledge, which mingles Profit with its Pains:
 From these EUGENIO draws his chief Supplies;
 And grows more Useful, as he grows more Wise.

Or calls past Ages to his instant View,
 And looks Old Time's prolific Annals through;
 The Rise and Fall of Empires, and of States;
 Their various Manners, and their various Fates.
 Consults the ancient Wise, the Good and Brave,
 The Boasts of Fame, yet Victims of the Grave!
 Where Heroes, Patriots, Saints, and Martyrs lie,
 Moulder in Dust, yet Triumph in the Sky!
 Where artful Vice attempts to hide the Shame
 Of each curs'd Votary's inglorious Name;
 In Vain -- the faithful Record swells with Rage,
 Brands the proud Idiot, but extols the Sage;
 Gives *Nero*, and *Vespasian* both their Due,
 Is just to *Cataline*, and *Cato* too.

From Books, and Bus'ness, when his Mind unbends,
 EUGENIO's Heart enjoys his social Friends.

Nor indolently shuns the sportive Fields,
 Where chearful Toil a healthy Pleasure yields ;
 But not like *Wranghead*, with a Father's Care,
 Adopts his Beagles, and discards his Heir.

If *Raphael's* Pencil bids the Canvas live,
 And Sense, and Motion to the Figures give;
 Or *Rysbrack's* Art has equal Wonders shown ;
 Breathes in the Bust, and informs the Stone.
 If : *Burlington's* majestic Structures rise,
 And Beauty, and Proportion fill our Eyes,
 Or *Cobham's* rude, devoted Acres grow
 In all the Taste, and Elegance of Stow.

If *Handel's* Fingers strike the tuneful Strings ;
Cuzzoni soft, or *Farinelli's* sings,
 The speaking Canvas, and the breathing Stone,
 The finished Edifice, a Wonder grown
 The Temples, Vista's, and the soft Cascade,
 The op'ning Prospect, and embow'ring Shade ;
 The melting Music, and melodious Note
 From the sweet Concert, or the warbling Throat,

Regale

**Regale EUGENIO's Taste, and raise his Heart
To the great Source of Beauty, and of Art!**

Say now, ye fluttering, poor, assuming Elves,
Stark full of Pride, of Folly, of—your selves;
Say where's the Wretch of all your impious Crew,
Who dares confront his Character to view?
Behold EUGENIO—view him o'er and o'er;
Then sink into your selves and be no more;
Or be, what Nature, and Religion meant,
Men, to some Purpose—Christians, with Intent:
In vain with *Balaam* else, you'll wish to die
EUGENIO'S Death—like him ascend the Sky.

Gracious, and Good! Oh late remove him hence
To thy own Heav'n! To Joy refin'd from Sense!
Transplant his Virtues to their native Clime,
To baffle Death, and triumph over Time.

F I N I S.



Regale

